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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, September 30, 1913.

It is difficult to convince a bold man in fly time that nature never makes a mistake.

snakes in one day. Now if Eve had who, with hand and brain, built it, only been that kind of a woman.

The Alabama posse that killed a robber must have felt a little nervous itself.

nothing but tons and tons of cold, cold water!

be imprisoned for ten years.

even in the fact that the name of the the human race will soon cease to be man who has won the American born. The third is that the human league pennant for the fifth time is race will in a few generations starve Cornelius McGillicuddy.

hurst will not be compelled to go on quake or eclipse or the coming outanother hunger strike while crossing spurt of Vesuvius? For that matter with their excessive heat because of paign. His was an "original Wilson" the Atlantic. And for keeping the doors locked

fined \$20, and yet we wonder some-

Thomas Edison announces that he is perfecting an invention which will result in the presentation of opera at 5 and 10 cents. His talking pletures he described as "merely a has no monopoly of paradox. The for federal appointment from Spring-tion to Mr. Pindell by Peoria enemies tion to Mr. Pindell by Peoria enemies little flyer." Opera for a dime is difflies might so argue in the pinch of field have been thus maligned, but ser-

ROCK ISLAND'S NEW MASONIC TEM-PLE.

Among the institutions to which Rock Island points with pride and satisfaction is the new Masonic tem- hole in the cosmic system through illustration by W. J. Glackens, Harry ple which was formally dedicated which the man who is puzzled may be Raleigh, Charles Sarka, Herman Pfeifwith imposing ceremonies today. The temple which is situated on Eighteenth street and Fifth avenue, is architecturally beautiful and an ornament to the section of Rock Island which it graces, as well as to the entire city.

The Rock Island Masonic temple speaks the public spirit as well as the substantial character of the members is regarded as a model from the standpoint of the purpose for which it was Island in the happiness of today's most auspicious occasion.

SOME FIGURES.

investigated by the Minneapolis Comtaken. \$61,900; loss of time, \$75,000; this scintillating story to a close. trips, \$137,000; inability to haul fertilizer at proper seasons, \$92,000, and total of over \$608,000.

or 9 per cent of his total crop. He paid help. He paid \$10 more for bad roads times as much as for fertilizer. He paid a bad road tax of \$14.30 per \$1,000 Rose Benet and Timothy Cole, the cel--14 per cent on his total investment. What the farmer lost on bad roads would replace his farm implements every three years, the cattle every three years, the horses every four dore Roosevelt's article, "The Proyears, and all the other domestic ani- gressive Party," which sums up the mais every six months.

study by Rock Island county and other Illinois farmers even though there be some exaggeration.

THROUGH THE GREAT CANAL. boat Gatun through the lock from the tispiece in full colors by Edmund Dueast side to Lake Gatun gives practi- jac, "Better is a Dinner of Herbs," cal assurance that operation of the to the bright illustrations by Oliver canal will be successful when it is Herford, F. R. Gruger, Birch and oth-

gates and the machinery worked smoothly and without a hitch of any Published daily at 1624 Second aves kind.

nue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the This must have been a source of great gratification to General Goethals and the engineers under whose supervision the lock was constructed. It is gratifying, also, to the people of the United States, who are paying the cost of constructing the canal and who expect to profit by its operation.

The beginning of the end of the herbe made to the circulation department, culean task of opening a water which should also be notified in every highway uniting the Atlantic and Painstance where it is desired to have cific oceans has come. Perhaps no other nation than the United States could have accomplished this work. DeLesseps' failure that discouraged churacter, political or religious, must the French people only furnished amhave real name attached for publica- bition and inspired determination to tion. No such articles will be printed the American congress and the American people to undertake this work

The construction of this great canal has cost the people millions of dollars, but is worth the cost if only to show what Americans can do. It is a good advertisement, showing American enterprise and grit. It also will be, it is hoped, and believed, of inestimable value to this country and to

The passage of the first vessel through the big lock, with every cog, all other parts of its machinery work- protect their depositors. The amount them."

HUMANITY'S CHANCES.

"All common folk," remarks the their speech. At the British Associahuman race will by and by be totally And there isn't much satisfaction crazy. The second is that members of for shortage of food. We can choose any corner of the triangle-insanity, All those who are not cruel will birthlessness or famine, 'Tis a most unite in the hope that Mrs. Pank- cheerful outlook. Why fear earth-

"But the logic is a little mixed at where 140 liwes were lost in a fire a any rate. If we are all to be lunatics "bunk" in that report. There may be times why the people become discon- why need we fear insanity? And if fied antagonism growing out of local that long and memorable struggle, and fessional opinion makes a deadly pos- Springfield or Peeria. a September frost.

scientific minds the logic of these Al. scrutiny. pine guides is a trifle misty and clever |

The Field of Literature

The Century.

Vitality, progress and high, quality of the fraternity in Rock Island. Rep are the characteristics of the October ley. resenting an investment of \$99,000, it Century Magazine. This remarkable number, an exposition of the forward erected. In a word it is technically policy of the present editorial mancorrect and perfect, and in considera- agement, contains one-quarter of a tion of its general design is a source full-length novel entitled "Home," of joy to all the people who join with which bids fair to make the reputation the order which has given it to Rock of the anonymous author, if indeed his or her reputation is not already made under her or his own name. This contribution alone sets a pace that few The matter of poor roads has been magazines would venture to establish. It is crowded with incident and with mercial association from the stand- characters far more vivid than most point of the cost to the farmer, and of the people we meet from day to day. some figures vastly startling if true, and is, on the whole a story of great have been brought out. According to these statistics the farmers of the installment of "The White Linen tributary district lost on account of Nurse," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, bad roads, because of longer routes author of "Molly Make-Believe," brings

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tembarom" approaches its happy because of other reasons, \$221,000-a end. "The Devil, His Due," is a story by Philip Curtiss which tells what in other words, it was estimated may happen in a country club when that each farmer of the district lost the lights go out suddenly. There is \$150 a year, or \$1.70 per cent farmed, a charming story by George Ernest, "A Garage in the Sunshine," and a as much for bad roads as for hired humaniy comic yarn by Eliis Parker Butler, "Dey Ain't No Ghosts." Among than for feed for his stock, and 25 the poets who contribute to the number are James W. Foley, William

ebrated wood engraver. Whatever may be the political convictions of the reader, he must certainly be deeply interested in Theowork of the progressives during their These figures are worth careful first year, and tells what they have to look forward to. This vigorous and characteristic study is likely for better or worse to become a part of the history of the United States.

The Century has always emphasized the art side. This number is particu-The passage of the government larly rich in pictures. From the fronfinally opened to commercial use. ers in the comic section at the end of The report of the passage of the the number, "In Lighter Vein," the

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.) | per cent interest on, it and every coun Washington, Sept. 27 .- How the try banker will deposit the amount the present banking law results in drawing law allows him to deposit with his rethe vast banking serve agent.

Nebraska, in a re- States. sional Record.

CLYDE H, lawful

TAVENNER

serve agent has to do is to offer 2 extend the scope of parcel post.

reserves into New "The law will not permit the reserve York where they city banker to loan the last \$25 of are at the com- every \$100 of deposits he carries, but mand of the trus he can send half of it to a central rebuilders, the pro- serve city banker, where he can get 2 moters of watered per cent on it. It was a clever scheme stock, and the originated in the minds of the big gamblers of Wall bankers in New York City, and aided street, was graphi- by their handy men in Chicago and cally explained by St. Louis, for the purpose of drawing Dan V. Stephens, into their keeping the immense legal representative of reserves of the banks of the United

cent speech print- "The law looks innocent enough. No ed in the Congres- bank is required to keep its reserves in New York City. The law simply "Under the pres- says it may keep portions of them ent law national there. And since the banks are not banks must keep a allowed to loan their reserves, the 2 legal reserve of per cent sop is sufficient to get most money all of them into the big centers of (gold, silver, and New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and greenbacks) in New York City gets the lion's share or how we lived or what we thought every lever and joint and hinge and their vaults or with reserve agents to because her size and trade attracts

ing perfectly is a splendid compli- country banks must keep is \$15 on When Postmaster General Burleson ment to the skill and ability of Gen- every \$100 of their deposits; reserve recently raised the parcel post limit The seedy man who heats his way A Pennsylvania woman killed 32 eral Goethals and American workmen city banks and central reserve city of weight from 11 to 20 pounds, many banks, \$25 on every \$100 of deposits. persons wondered why he arbitrarily "The joker in this law is the right selected the latter figure, but did not granted country banks to keep \$9 of double the 11 pound weight, or even the \$15 with a reserve city bank, and make the new limit 25 pounds. The a reserve city bank con keep half of reason is now out, and while it is a deputy sheriff by mistake for a train Philadelphia Press, "take off their its \$25 reserve in a central reserve trivial one, it is entirely sufficient. The world would be a lovely place caps to the scientists. But when city bank. The result of this law was Mr. Burleton could not have raised these savants come down from the soon realized by the big bankers, who the weight higher at this time. The conceived it when they began to pay scales in the postoffices of the coun-How gratifying it is to read that cloud capped hills to deliver their the country banks 2 per cent on their try will not weigh packages heavier the Gatun locks were christened with latest dictum to ordinary mortals it is reserves which the law permitted than 20 pounds. And to get new scales sometimes a stiff job to interpret them to keep with reserve agents. | to measure greater weights will re-"The law would not permit the coun- quire considerable time and money. It try banker to loan the last \$15 of every is expected that Burleson will ask con-With unexampled severity a Mis- tion, for example, three pronounce \$100 deposited with him, but singular gress for an appropriation next winsouri jury has decided that a woman ments were made with becoming gravwho murdered her husband ought to ity and dignified mien to befit the sol- half of it if the country banker will try with ample weighing facilities. emn occasion. The first is that the deposit it with him. So all the re- Once so equipped, the department can

HARRY M. PINDELL

(Springfield Register.) A special dispatch from Washington

tells of "angry remonstrances" from racy needs no defense in the light of what is the British association worry- the probability that Editor H. M. Pin- newspaper. His district went for Wiling about the science of the future dell of the Peoria Journal may be son in the primary. Editor Pindell named ambassador to Russia.

Why trouble about the birthrate? If protests, but we are not far wrong in the birthrate is cut off to a cipher our guess when we say it is unjustihuman folk are all destined from factional political enmities which are then you couldn't hold him. He was birth to go mad then how can starva- sure to be engendered against any tion be so dreadful a calamity? Any courageous, energetic, genuinely demotwo negatives in this melange of pro- cratic newspaper editor in a city like

"Fortunately for plain, simple non- tagonism to honest men bear close

went to Baltimore as a delegate-atlarge. He talked and shouted Woodrow Wilson from the time he boarded the train in Peoria bound for Baltinition now by the administration dom will the source of this sort of anthem by giving Harry a good job.

As for Harry Pindell-his democ

prophets have been themselves sur- painting, "Sunset on the Marshes," by most important in the long and glorprised to find that nature held a trick George Inness, a number of charming lous history of the Century Magazine. they did not know. There is a loop-pictures by Bernard Boutet de Monvel,

The Strand.

The contributors to the October far. permitted to peep. Meantime the fer and others, a portrait of Alphonse Strand include A. Conan Doyle, Morley grass is growing in the valley as usual Daudet from a sketch by John Alexan- Roberts, Baroness Orczy, Lady Ranand for the rest-we will wait and der, a group of drawings, "New Made dolph Churchill-perhaps the most himself a failure because he couldn't bloom of pink and white. These trees Americans," by W. T. Benda, and a noted American woman who ever mar- dance. number of reproductions of sculpture ried into the British peerage-writes by Charles Keck, a pupil of Saint on the subject of "The Most Impressive Gaudens. Other articles include "In Sight I Ever Saw," taking as her the Circuit of the Summer Hills," by theme the first jubilee of Queen Vic. through life with a red nose, John Burroughs, the great naturalist, toria. T. H. Oyler discourses on and "The Foreign Trade of the United "Marathon Golf" and describes a game States," by James Davenport Whelp- in which the hole was thirty-five miles long. Prof. Ward contributes one of In this number the new editor prom- his admirable nature articles. The ises that the coming year will be the stories are numerous and excellent.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that live Gatun through the lock was accom- magazine lives up to its artistic tradi- stock had been thoroughly liquidated in the west and if the poor things panied by the statement that the tions. There is a reproduction of a ever needed plenty of water they certainly did this year.





A good old world this world would be If every man somewhere ahead Had prospects that the rest could see. It wouldn't matter what we said Or how we acted, wrong or right, If we were billed to win a lot Or kept folks thinking that we might

Is held in wide esteem if there Are rich ones who may die some day, First having named him as their heir. The world is cruel only to The ones for whom no hope its corn is not for people who Are ranged in line for future gains.

And all the people would be kind And glad to meet us face to face. And if we'd faults they'd never mind If we could only fix it so, By lying or some other way, That they would think we stood a show

To strike it rich somehow some day,



Still Innocent.

"Senator, what was the nearest you ever came to being bribed?" asked the girl who always blurts everything right out.

"It was the time I voted for the postal box bill and received seven thousand shares of stock in the concern that was to make the boxes when the bill gave it a monopoly on the business.'

"I should think that was a clear case against you." "No. The measure didn't go through and the stock never amounted to anything."

MERE OPINION.

The boy who is paid to be good never earns the money.

It frequently happens that a man who pays as he goes doesn't go very

Nothing is more pathetic than a to-

tal abstainer who is compelled to go There is no evidence to indicate

that God when he made the world limited himself to an eight-hour day.

A woman always seems to be able to get a great deal of satisfaction out of boasting that her husband fell in love with her at first sight, even if he has grown cool on further acquaintance.

A Word to Mr. Blue. Here's a little sermon, Mr. Blue, for you; Walk around your trouble; take another view. Why insist on looking only at the place

That is dark and cheerless If you turn your face
There may be before you fruitful fields,
and fair Pink with fragrant blossoms beckoning

Why sit sadly drinking from the bitter When you may as freely take another Why persist in gazing at the cheerless

Thanking earth has nothing but the drear When, by merely turning, you may gladly On a thousand glories meriting your praise?

By Their Deeds Ye May Know Them. house with the big white pillars?" "Mr. Sniggsley, the manufacturer of the celebrated Sniggsley self-inserting | could make his presence known the

and self-fastening collar button." "And I wonder what popr excuse for a man it is who can give his family nothing better for a home than that mean little place down there at the corner of the alley?"

who invented the celebrated Sniggs- my blessing. He's a perfect dear:" ley self-inserting and self-fastening. She laughed as her aunt moved majescollar button."

If.

The world is growing brighter, so they And that's a thing I'm glad to knows If prices were not rising day by day, The world would be made bright much faster, though.

Round and Square. gotiations."

"Yes, but there is not much use of trying to make a well rounded sen- here," she cried breathlessly. tence take the place of a square deat? -Washington Star.

The Daily Story

KESHIONO'S GARDEN-BY CLARISSA MACKIE, Copyrighted, 1913, by Associatel Literary Bureau.

The curlo selier who sits at the cross- , stone seat. ing of the Two Ronds in Tokyo grinned amiably up into Terry Preston's sunburned face.

"If the honorable lord desires to see delightful flowers it would be much recommended that he pay call visit upon the garden of Keshiono."

"Where is this wonderful garden?" inquired Terry, to whom all parts of Tokyo were alike, to whom all the world was flat and stale and uninteresting now that Dulcle Morse had jilted him and married Oscar Converse.

The man pointed along the upper "If the honorable lord will follow

that road until he comes to a red gate in the bamboo hedge he will find beyoud the gate a path that will lead him straight to the garden. Many have found happiness there," he added, with a sly glance at Terry's moody

"Happiness?" jeered Terry. "Pray. tell me how happiness may be found

"Happiness," mused the curio deal-

er, fanning himself gently, "consists in being with those we love-in the case of a lover, with the particular beloved one. The story goes that many centuries ago a beautiful maiden named Keshiono lost ber lover through a quarrel, and to console herself she made this beautiful flower garden. The gods pitied her and sent her lover wandering into the garden, and when iris beds he fell on his knees and begged forgiveness. They were married and lived long and happily in a house which has long crumbled to ruin. When they died they were changed the spot where her aunt had disapinto two beautiful plum trees that guard the inner gate. Ever since then the garden has been noted for bringing happiness to disconsolate lovers. One has only to wander there."

Terry grinned in spite of himself at the man's fluency. "You have told the story many times?" he questioned as he moved away.

"And have witnessed the desired to be end," came back the answer promptly, and he deftly caught the coin that | broke in: came spinning toward him from Ter-

A laughing red haired youth came swiftly from the upper road and paused by the curio seller's booth.

"You're a cheerful liar!" he declared. "The garden is only for the disconsolate lover," chided the curio dealer sedately as he pocketed his accuser's liberal tip. "The honorable lord is too insanely cheerful to be in need of the pity of the gods."

"Thanks. I suppose that's a compliment," grinned the other as he went on to catch a trolley car, "But you get us coming or going, eh, Togo?"

"Excuse. Name is not Togo, but is Yunisho. Good day, honorable sir, Get them coming or going. That sounds funny English," he mused.

upper road under the arching trees. The shaded footpath rambled beside a high hedge of bamboos, whose green feathery tops rustled pleasantly in the light breeze.

Now a well defined path wandered idly between green hedges until he reached a second gate that swung wide open. On either side of this gate was Many a great man has considered a beautiful plum tree, fresh in its May represented the beautiful Keshiono

and her loving husband. Terry involuntarily removed his straw hat as he passed under the trees. and he blushed a little at the surrender to sentiment that the little act im

plied. "Bosh!" he muttered.

Beyond the gate he found the garden, a charming mixture of old and new. There were ancient corners where dark cryptomerias made a dim green shade. Here one came upon stone lanterns green with years and perhaps a summer house crushed in the deathlike grip of a giant wistaria vine that might be a century old, so boary was its trunk.

Birds sang in the trees, and the wa terfalls tinkled musically. It was very beautiful and deliciously still.

Terry found an old stone seat half hidden in a group of lovely cleanders in the older part of the garden. Surely this spot must have been the garden of Keshiono as it was in the old

Women's voices broke the quiet. "Dear Aunt Ophelia." said the girl's sweet tones, "is it not perfectly wonderful?" "It is. It is hardly to be believed

May," responded the older woman eagerly. "But look; see if that is not the colonel yonder. See, he is looking at the goldfish in the pool! Mark the sad droop to his shoulders in spite of his military training. Ah, but I do "Who lives in that magnificent regret my cruelty to him," she sighed. Terry got up. He was feeling very uncomfortable now, but before be

"Now, Aunt Ophelia, you know this is the garden of reunited lovers, and who knows what may happen? You look sweet, dear; indeed, you do! Now just walk along this path and you are "That's the residence of the genius sure to meet the colonel, and you have tically away in the direction of the

girl had spoken quickly, decisively:

grounds. The girl came laughing out of the sunlight and flung berself in a corner of the stone seat, which sat in deep

into a fish pool in a distant part of the

shadow. She uttered a startled cry as she saw "The mode of expression plays a Terry Preston standing there, sunburnvery important part in diplomatic ne ed and embarrassed, in his gray tweed clothes, with his straw hat in his hand. "Ah, I didn't know any one was

> "I was about to go," murmured Terry, with a rejuctant glance at the

"Pray do not let me drive you away. I shall go on presently." The girl settled herself in the corner, tipped her sunshade over her face to obscure it and opened a guidebook.

Terry hesitated a moment and then sat down, his eigarette still between his fingers. He glanced at the girl and saw only the white dress with the red book held open by pretty white fingers. He noted that she wore on her right hand a turquoise ring, and on her left. as she turned the pages, he saw a small ring on her little finger.

The rest of her charming person was quite concealed by the white linen par-

Presently there came a sneeze from under the parasol.

"I beg your pardon; I hope my smoking has not annoyed you. Really I forgot to ask you if you minded," apologized the discomfited Terry.

The parasol went over her shoulders, and he looked into a pair of beautiful gray eyes, black lashed and dreeping at the outer corners. Such a rose tinted skin, such a dainty nose, such a kissable mouth with dimpled corners. such a firm white chin, such seashell ears peeping out from the midst of black bair!

Truly she was marvelously beautiful. She didn't look as though she would throw a fellow over because she had found a richer man. She lacked that little bard look in the eyes that marred Dulcie Morse's perfect beauty. and somehow she had Dulcie "beat a he saw Keshiono flitting among the mile," in Terry's self expressed opinion.

Treason, pure treason, all this. "I don't object to the smoke at all," said the girl pleasantly, then craning her pretty neck as she looked toward

peared. "I wonder"- she was beginning when Terry interrupted her. "They are coming now," he said-

"your aunt and the colonel." "Together?" she asked excitedly. "Yes." and Terry craned his neck, eager to report to his fair companion any items of interest.

"Do they appear to be engaged"she was beginning when again he "Why, yes, you might think so. He's

got his arm around her." "His arm around Ophelia?" The girl arose and laughed tenderly. "You have surprised me, sir. I was going to ask if they were engaged in amicable conversation, but from what you say I am sure they must be! Perhaps I better explain that my aunt had a very unhappy love affair in her youth, and it just happened that we were directed to this garden of Kesbiono. You have heard the story of how many lovers have found happiness here?" She looked at him with clear, beautiful eyes, in which there was no trace of

"I have been told that story," said

Terry, blushing deeply. "If ever I was in trouble of that sort I should come here," observed the girl dreamily. Terry saw her eyes were fixed on the approaching couple, the handsome military man and the blooming middle aged woman, and he felt a swift pang of jealousy, the first dart

of the little god. "I hope you may never have to come," he said awkwardly. And then he added as the reunited lovers were almost upon them, "I hope you don't mind if I stay and congratulate them, for, you see, Colonel Preston is my uncle, and we are traveling together, and some day we may be cousins-in-

that instant the colonel and Aunt Ophelia came upon them, and both started with surprise. "Terry, you rascal!" cried the colo-

nel, slapping his nephew on one broad

The girl gave him her hand, and at

law! I am Terry Preston."

of old emotions.

shoulder. "May-why, my dear, you don't mean to say-why, I didn't know there was anybody!" faltered Aunt Ophelia, her sweet eyes still dim with stirring

May blushed beautifully, and Terry went scarlet, but their eyes had met in one swift flash of mutual understanding, and each one knew that the garden of Keshiono had worked a magic spell upon them both that must never be broken. So the curlo dealer at the crossing

of the Two Roads was not surprised when four people passed him, coming from the garden of Keshiono. There was an elderly couple with shining, happy eyes, and the man tossed him a wad of paper money. There was a young couple, the man

the awakening of love in their beautiful depths. Terry flung him a golden coin, and they all passed out of sight. The curio dealer smiled contentedly

smiling tenderly down at the girl.

whose eyes were half veiled to hide

and folded his slim, brown hands over the money. "I get them coming, and I get them going, and they come back happy! There must be something in that gar-

den, after all."

Sept. 30 in American History.

stout, white clad gentleman gazing 1781-The British army at Yorktown, which was menaced by Washington's forces, withdrew its outposts from the American front and retired within its fortifications.

> 1787-The ship Columbia sailed from Boston for a voyage around the world, the first attempt by an American vessel. 1800-War between United States and

> France ended. It began July 9, 1912-The Pulitzer school of journalism was opened at Columbia univer-

sity, New York.